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THE NEWPORT MAIDEN.

*Rector:* IT IS INSTRUCTIVE TO NOTE WHAT A FLOOD OF LIGHT ONE PASSAGE OF SCRIPTURE THROWS UPON ANOTHER.

*Ewe Lamb:* YES. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT THERE BEING NO MARRYING OR GIVING IN MARRIAGE ABOVE UNTIL I READ HOW HARD IT WAS FOR A RICH MAN TO ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

DESIGNED  
AND MADE BY  
WHITING M'F'G CO.



"VIGILANT."

To the owners of the "VIGILANT," from the  
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, to commemorate her victory over  
the "Valkyrie," in defense of "AMERICA'S" CUP, 1893.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,  
OF STERLING QUALITY ~~1000~~ FINE;  
EVERY ARTICLE BEARING OUR TRADE-MARK.  
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE ENTIRE  
FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

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Exclusively.



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Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th Street,

NEW YORK.

**HILTON, HUGHES & CO.,**

Successors to A. T. STEWART & CO.

**Rich Dress Goods.**

We have made the last deep cut for the season in this stock.  
The goods must be sold. The shrewd buyer's opportunity is  
now at hand. Buy now and save money—as we have disre-  
garded their cost.

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To close a line of fine

**WHITE LAWN SHIRT WAISTS**

beautifully trimmed in embroidery—your choice for **1.00**

A sweeping reduction from 1.50, 2.00 and 2.50.

**Corsets.**

An opportunity to purchase manufacturers' samples at half  
regular prices.

**Cambric Wrappers and House Gowns**

at **1.25** worth 1.75.

All our

**COLORED LAWN WRAPPERS**

we sell Monday at **3.75**

(An exceptionally rare bargain.)

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**Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.**

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NEW YORK.**

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. . . **RATES** . . .

From \$2.00 per day upward on European Plan.

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**STAFFORD & WHITAKER.**

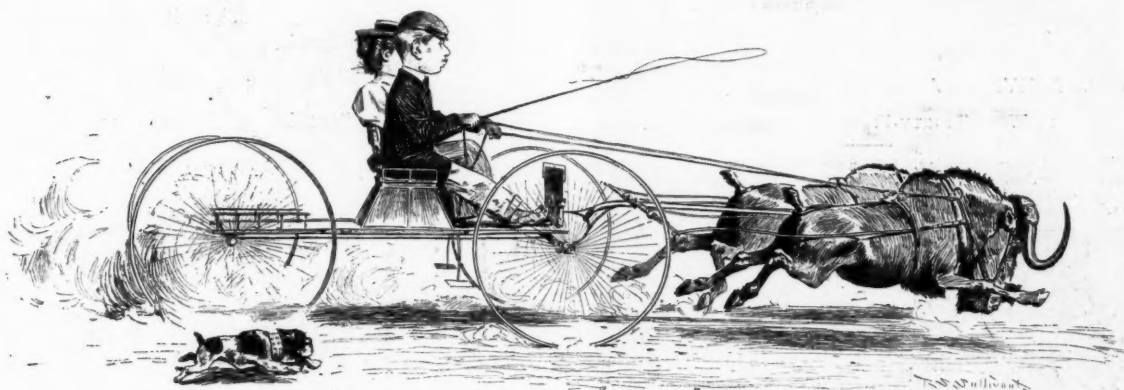
HENRY F. ROESSER, Manager.

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**H. B. Kirk & Co.**

Do not sell Mixed or Compounded Goods. Price  
according to age. No other house can furnish "Old  
Crow" Rye Whiskey. Sold by us uncolored, unswet-  
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at the Distillery. The best Eastern Rye. Sole agents for  
the Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Sole agents for the  
Inglenook Wines. Send for Catalogue.

69 Fulton St., Broadway and 27th St., New York.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DRIVING THE HORNEO HORSE IF YOU WANT SOMETHING GNU?

#### THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

WHAT'S Life? A shadow by a sunbeam shown;  
A mazy music closing in a moan;  
A bitter potion in a jeweled cup;  
A queer conundrum—till we give it up;  
And then, perchance, the truth so long unguessed  
We all shall know or else be well at rest.

Nay, friend, such answers have the patent twist  
Of youth, too oft a wanton pessimist,  
Who, having gulped crude wine, or rather dregs,  
Views Life, not standing firmly on his legs,  
But on his head; and so is forced to frown,  
Because, of course, the show looks upside down.  
Yet, verily, though Life's gold hath much alloy,  
Nor can each day be jeweled with a joy,  
Still the skilled workman may, at any rate,  
Carve out a loving-cup and blithely pledge his fate.

Henry Austin.



AFTER all, there seems to be very little the matter with the Vigilant. When she wins, as she does pretty often, it is because she is faster than Britannia, and when she loses it is because of annoying defects in the British breezes. She has been racing with Britannia for more than two months and is still at it, but still no one ventures to forecast the issue of any race in which both these boats are entered. As a promoter of the sport of yacht racing in British waters, the Vigilant is an immoderate success.

#### VICARIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

KITTY (*scornfully*): An unmarried man doesn't know what home means!  
TOM (*mildly*): He knows it is something his married friends seem to consider a desirable place to get away from.

#### A GOTHAM NOTION.

MRS. WAUKEGAN (*at summer resort hotel*): I wonder if any Chicago people have arrived yet.

MRS. FORUNDRED (*of Fifth Avenue*): It might be worth while to inquire. I noticed a number of strangers in the dining-room.

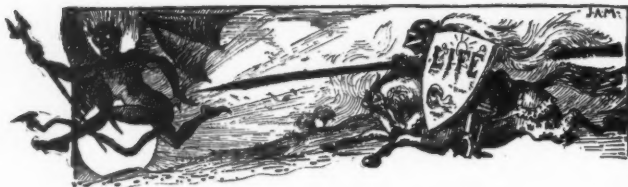
"Were they from Chicago?"

"Well, they were taking a twelve o'clock dinner and eating with their knives."



"OPEN ALL NIGHT."



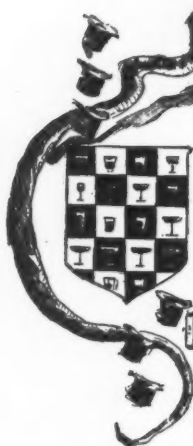


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. AUGUST 30, 1894. No. 609.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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**P**AINFUL as has been the intelligence that Mr. Partridge, the well-known Chicago grain pirate, has succumbed to the thirst for ardent beverages, the news is not altogether without its ingratiating side. This same Partridge, who lately filled Chicago with the uproar of his endeavors to get out of an inebriate asylum, where his thoughtful family had placed him, is the identical person whose views on education were admiringly quoted a year or two ago by the American press. Posing as a successful man, whose achievements warranted him in speaking with authority, he explained how little education had to do with business success, and with how small an allowance of it he had himself been able to get along. His present predicament suggests how much a little learning might have helped him—not by keeping alcohol outside of him, for Greek itself cannot be wisely trusted to do that, but by making him unfit to be a grain gambler, and steering him into some comparatively respectable line of business where his nerves and internal machinery would have lasted his time. It is a sad thing to exhibit a fellow-being as an awful example, but Partridge in a drink-cure establishment is too instructive a spectacle to overlook. Cesario at the guillotine was not half so useful a warning to us Americans, for assassination is not a branch of industry that we admire; but getting rich by gambling of some sort is attractive to us all, and we need to have it thumped into us from day to day that riches so bought may easily cost more than they are worth.

**T**HE time is close at hand when a great host of people who have been wondering for some weeks why they left town will begin to realize that it was largely for the pleasure of getting back. Nothing makes home seem happier or more enviable when the cool weather comes and one gets back to it than a thorough experience of the contemporary appliances for the evasion of the heats of

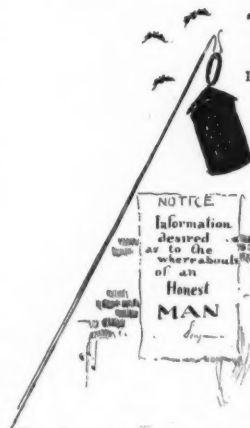
summer. To people who are rich enough to have two comfortable houses, and money enough to run them both, these remarks may not apply, but other people will recognize that variety seems never so much the spice of life as when it brings the recurrence of settled domesticity and the familiar task. Hail September, month of the recurring oyster, of the re-opening school, and of the return of the pilgrim to his settled abode.

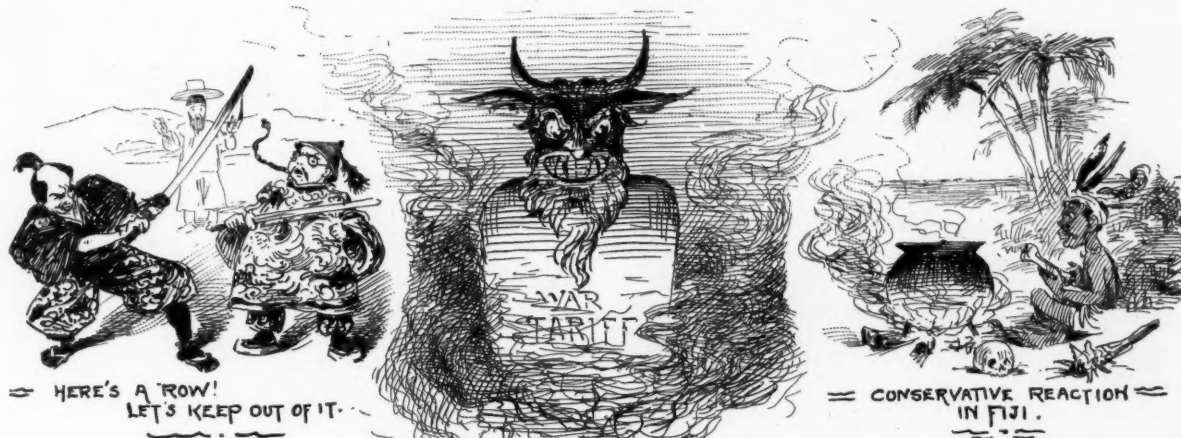
**T**HE yacht Vigilant is not so superior to the British boats that it should take two of them to beat her. Yet it is asserted that in the race of August 16th, the victory was fairly divisible between Satanita and Britannia—the latter busying herself in crowding the Yankee off the course, while Satanita went ahead and gobbled the mug. If that style of yachting suits the British taste, one yacht is not enough to send across the ocean. Another year it may seem desirable to invade the British waters with a fleet.

**T**HE Sugar Trust magnates have not yet achieved a reputation for general benevolence at all comparable with that of the Standard Oil men, but that is too important a branch of the business to be overlooked, and men of their ability may probably be trusted to attend to it in due time. It is only under exceptional conditions that a property in three or four Senators will suffice for the Trust's protection. If it is to be permanently safe, besides investing liberally in politics on both sides, it should make itself strong with the people as a patron of education and a diffuser of light as well as sweetness.

**T**HE first instalment of the income tax will be payable next July, and everyone who cleared more than four thousand dollars in the twelve months previous will be invited to pay their share of it. Profound thought will be expended between now and then in devising methods to evade it, but LIFE's advice to its readers is to be honest and pay what they owe. The chief objection to the income tax is that it encourages dishonesty and deceit, but that is a drawback that individual rectitude may obviate.

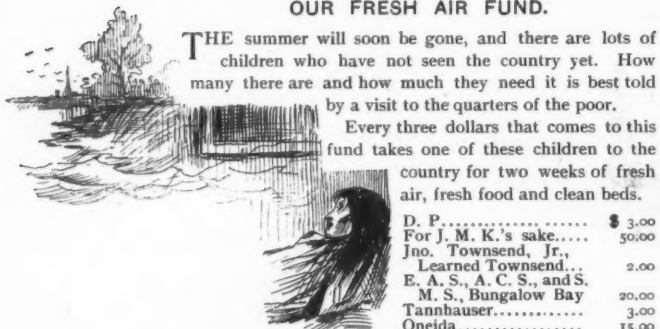
To grumble about the tax and fight it at the polls is unobjectionable, for it is a very inconvenient species of tribute, but to lie one's way out of it, or to bribe the collector, won't pay. It is better to demonstrate the iniquity of the thing by paying up, than to soil one's hands by making a personal exposition of its demoralizing tendencies.





!! "THEN THE LORDS OF THE PHILISTINES GATHERED THEM TOGETHER  
FOR TO OFFER A GREAT SACRIFICE UNTO DAGON, THEIR GOD, AND TO REJOICE!  
FOR THEY SAID, OUR GOD HATH DELIVERED SAMSON OUR ENEMY INTO OUR HANDS."

## OUR FRESH AIR FUND.



THE summer will soon be gone, and there are lots of children who have not seen the country yet. How many there are and how much they need it is best told by a visit to the quarters of the poor.

Every three dollars that comes to this fund takes one of these children to the country for two weeks of fresh air, fresh food and clean beds.

Previously acknowledged	\$2,960.50	D. P.	\$ 3.00
George and May Bunker,		For J. M. K.'s sake	50.00
Edgarda and Whitney		Jno. Townsend, Jr.,	
Robinson	2.50	Learned Townsend	2.00
W. Jr., Conn.	3.00	E. A. S., A. C. S., and S.	
M. L. N.	10.00	M. S., Bungalow Bay	20.00
Chas. Dissel	10.00	Tannhauser	3.00
F. H. D.	3.00	Oneida	15.00
K. V. P.	3.00	From Sister Mary	10.00
E. W. A.	3.00	Tippowissett	5.00
S. J., Ridgefield, Conn.	3.00	Charlotte and Margaret	
Elizabeth Taylor	9.00	Low	5.00
		Alfred Kidder, Marquette,	
		Mich.	25.00
		J. Barnard French	3.00
		Lawrence G. Lighe	6.00
		Proceeds of Children's	
		Fair at the Montowese	
		House, Branford, Conn.	32.50
			\$3,186.50



## THE LITERARY PARTITION OF SCOTLAND.

IN the present partition of Scotland for literary purposes among fiction writers, the following amicable allotment of territory seems to have been agreed upon: Forfarshire to Barrie, Midlothian and the coast of Fife to Stevenson, Inverness and Ross to William Black, Fife to Annie Swan and the author of "BarnCraig," and old Galloway to S. R. Crockett. So long as each keeps to his own territory these brethren dwell together in unity and unstintedly praise each other's books. Instead of the old feuds of the clans, these modern chieftains seem to have formed a Literary Trust for Scotland which runs things to suit itself and absorbs the bulk of the profits in the business of making marketable tales. As they have a monopoly of the brains adapted for that kind of work, there is no particular reason why they should not have the emoluments.

But some of these days a venturesome young Scot, who has been fighting his way through Edinburgh University on a six-pence a day, will put on his bonnet and kilt, gird on his dagger and slip a skene-dhu into his stocking. Then he will sally forth into the literary territory of one of the present chieftains, and there will be as pretty a fight in the literary way as has been seen since the old days of Christopher North. They will hurl a dozen different dialects of lowland and highland Scotch at each other, and nobody will be able to tell what they are saying, except Professor Blackie.

In the meantime, Americans will buy unlimited quantities of the books of chieftains and usurpers,

and, with their usual indifference, will become more familiar with the traditions, history and dialects of a country three thousand miles away than with their own State. And they are little to blame for it, because our own writers, as soon as they become tolerably adept in the business, are apt to go abroad and spend the rest of their days "discovering" European types and writing about them. The American reader, with his usual acuteness, prefers the real foreign novel to an imitation of it by one of his countrymen; and he is dead right in his preference.

\* \* \*

THIS really started out to be a few remarks on S. R. Crockett's latest story, "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills" (Macmillan)—a tale in which he keeps close to the Galloway hills and the days of the Covenanters.

It isn't a pleasant tale, and no amount of archaic Scotch, with a sprinkling of psalm-singing and long prayers, can seriously interest a reader in a mad, unkempt, naked and dirty old chief who is playing Nebuchadnezzar on the hills, while his brother makes love to his wife at home.

The one touch of beauty in the story is the faithful *Philippa* with her children—all of them shadowy sketches, leaving the tale without that leaven of idyllic love which softened the harshness of "The Raiders."

The reaction from "prettiness" in writing is a good thing; but this is not a barbarous age, and a great deal can be said for the doctrine of the late Walter Pater as to the supremacy of beauty in life and art. Surely it ought to count for a good deal in the literary art! Shooting, dirking, cross-



Papa: ISAAC, MY SON, YER'LL RUIN ME. YER MIGHT HAF GOT SEFEN TOLLARS FOR DEM TWO-TOLLAR PANTS YUSHT SO VELL AS NOT.

Son: BUT DEY VOS MARKT—

Papa (ironically): DOT BLEASES ME, DOT DOES! DEY VOS MARKT! (Severely) AIN'T YER GOT NO INCHSTINCKT?



IF.

WHAT a darling I'd be  
In the highest degree,  
To mammas wherever I'd go;  
What charms they would see  
In whatever pleased me,  
If I had but a million or so!

What a beauty and grace  
They would find in my face,  
With a soul in me pure as  
the snow;  
No woman would think  
For a moment, to shrink,  
If I had but a million or so!

What a feature I'd be  
At a german or tea,  
What a man for all women  
to know;  
And men, none the less,  
Would my virtues confess,  
If I had but a million or so!  
Will. J. Lampton.

"JASON"? Why did you  
name your dog that?"  
"Because he is always  
searching for the Fleece."



"EVERYTHING GOES."

bowing and gentlemanly murder, generally, may be better subjects for fiction than sea-side flirtations and dances; but it does not necessarily make a strong writer simply to describe the deeds of strong or brave men. To write well is a good deal of a business in itself, if it is not one of the fine arts. Droch.

#### NEW BOOKS.

*CLEOPATRA*. By George Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.  
*Red Diamonds*. By Justin McCarthy. New York: D. Appleton and Company.  
*In the Quarter*. By Robert W. Chambers. Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely.  
*A Daughter of Music*. By G. Colmore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.  
*Millbank*. By Mary J. Holmes. *Cruel as the Grave*. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.  
*Thy Name is Woman*. By Oliver B. Muir. *Countess Janine*. By the Baron Gustav Genrychowski-Taube. A. D. 2804. By Walter Browne. New York: G. W. Dillingham.  
*Adriatica*. By Percy Pinkerton. London: Gay and Bird.  
*Quaker Idyls*. By Sarah M. H. Gardner. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

#### POLITICAL VS. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

FRIEND: How is it yeh ain't got that position yet? Lost yer pull?  
MR. WARDEHEELER: Oh, I've got the pull, plenty o' pull. My application is signed by all ther political leaders in th' party.  
"Then wot's ther matter?"  
"Can't git any of 'em to go on me bond."

JAGGS: How did you ever dare to embrace Miss Boston?  
NAGGS: She was speaking of banditti that night as we drove through the strip of woods by the river and remarked, "What a romantic place to be held up."

JAGGS? Yes?

NAGGS: Well, I held her up.



"PARDON ME, SIR, BUT WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?"



"VELL, VAT YOU TINK OF DE DRATE-MARK?"







A PRISONER!

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.



THE PROFESSOR IS IMPRESSED BY THE APE'S BUMP OF LANGUAGE, AND DECIDES TO MAKE RESEARCHES ON THE FIELD.



ARRIVING ON AFRICA'S SOIL, HE IS STRUCK WITH THE INTELLIGENCE DISPLAYED BY A SUBJECT.



"DARN THE THING!"

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.  
FASHIONABLE INVALID: I came here for hay-fever, you know.

IRASCIBLE BACHELOR: Well, you've got it, haven't you?

IN THE SANCTUM.  
EDITOR: You say you wrote all these jokes yourself?  
WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR: Yes, sir!

EDITOR: Then you must be as old as Methuselah.



"IS this LIFE?"  
"Yes."

"This is the American People. We have got into a dickens of a scrape."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and we want to talk to you about it. In your inmost heart do you think we are a fool?"

"Not always."

"Well, we're beginning to think we are. In fact we are beginning to kick ourselves with a good deal of emphasis. You know the document called the American Constitution?"

"By heart."

"It always seemed to us that this should provide a pretty good form of government."

"So it should—for a pretty good people."

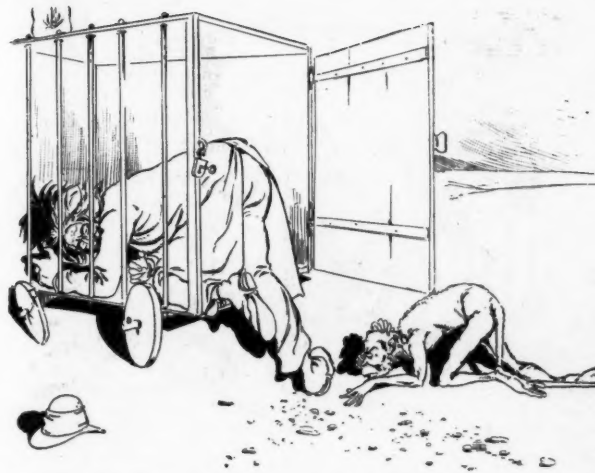
"But see where we are at. Here we've elected a President, a Senate and a House of Representatives, all in the manner prescribed by the Constitution. We elected them with the belief—no, not exactly the belief but with the hope—that they would give us the laws we needed. Instead of that we are to have, unless the President vetoes the bill while this number of LIFE is being printed, a tariff of customs which gives us the benefits of neither Protection nor Free Trade, and the evils of both. Besides this, we are to be inflicted with an anarchistic income tax, which is desired by



WHO RESPONDS TO HIS SALUTATIONS



AND DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL TALENT FOR MIMICRY,



WHEREUPON THE PROFESSOR DECIDES TO TAKE THE INTELLIGENT SUBJECT BACK WITH HIM TO CIVILIZATION.

no one but those of us who are shiftless or envious. Why is this so?"

"It isn't so just yet. Mr. Cleveland may veto the bill and give you a chance to think better of your Constitution, which provides his veto power for just this emergency. If, however, with a view to expediency, to the temporary general good, he should permit the bill to become law, there are only about four thousand reasons for the state of affairs you lament."

"Tell us one of them."

"First, that you, the American people, are just what you suspected—a fool."

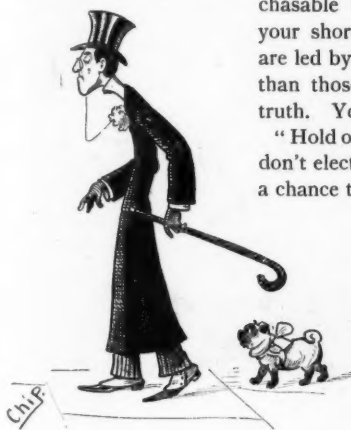
"That seems reason enough, if you can prove it."

"It's too easy. The Constitution you have will give you any sort of a government you want, but you are too lazy or too busy grabbing money to take the trouble to elect honest men. You are depreciating the power of your own vote by

giving it to every ignorant or purchasable foreigner who lands on your shores. You buy, read and are led by lying newspapers rather than those that dare tell you the truth. You—"

"Hold on; that's enough. But we don't elect men to office. We have a chance to vote only for the men the parties nominate."

"That's where you are another fool. Party slavery exists only through your own folly. Cast aside its chains and join every independent movement that looks to better government."



A THING THAT NEEDS REFORMING.

"That doesn't do any good. The politicians run this country and we haven't a chance."

"Don't you believe it. The politician wins because he is persistent. If he is whipped once he doesn't lie down and whine about it, but makes it his business not to be whipped next time. He seems not to care about you, but you are the only thing he is really afraid of. Get up, be a patriot, do some work for your country besides paying taxes."

"But we've tried this before and things are worse now than ever. It takes too much time and trouble to keep down men who make politics their business."

"Very well. You wanted to talk to us about the scrape you're in and we've talked with you. If you haven't the sense and the nerve to right matters it's your own fault. If you want a silly tariff which taxes the many for the benefit of the few, if you want highway robbery in the form of an income tax, if you enjoy seeing a lot of stock gamblers running the United States Senate, if you will send fools to Congress, no one denies your constitutional right to have things that way. But don't kick when you get the worst of it. You may be a fool, but don't whimper. Even a diminutive-brained rooster dies game, you know."

*Metcalf.*

#### IT PROVED NOTHING.

**W**ILLIS: I never can get an Englishman to laugh at my jokes.

**WALLACE:** But that's no sign there is any point in them.

**S**KIPPER: Anything the matter, old man?

**HIS GUEST:** N-no, nothing much, only—

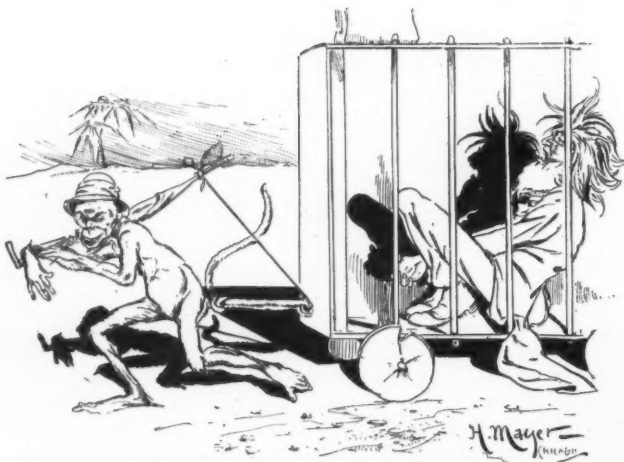
**S**KIPPER: Only what, old fellow?

**HIS GUEST:** Only you call sailing a science, and it seems to me if it were a science your confounded old boat would keep straight.





BUT HIS PLANS ARE FOILED,



AND A NUMBER OF GENIAL APES ARE NOW ADVANCING A THEORY THAT MONKEY IS DERIVED FROM MAN.

## A SEVERE ORDEAL.

THE two ladies had not met for some time and they were vitally interested in each other's welfare.

"I hope your health is better than when I saw you last," said the first.

"No, I grow worse every day," responded her friend, despondently.

"Too bad, too bad! What seems to be the matter?"

"No one knows, and the doctors say they cannot tell till after the post mortem."

"Why, how awful! You poor, dear thing! In your weak state, you can never live through that."

## A USURPER.

YOUNG Love, with sorry draggled wings,  
His eyes bedimmed, his bow unstrung,  
Moped in a corner, sad and still,  
With listless hands and idle tongue.  
"What, ho! My whilom, saucy lad!  
No arrows for the heedless crowd?  
No flying darts with reckless aim  
For stupid men and maidens proud?"

The youngster shook his curly head.  
"My span of life is well nigh run,  
I've done for millions in my time,  
And, oh! It has been lots of fun.  
But now my bow has lost its power,  
My arrows glance and turn aside.  
Tailor-made girls are flint and steel,  
My darts are spoiled, my rules defied.

I've got a younger brother, too,  
Who's taking in my ancient trade;  
He used to run down all my game  
And help me on in many a raid,  
His victims all with promptness bring  
For me to lay upon the shelf—  
But now he sets them free as air,  
Won't even keep them for himself.

Flirtation is this fellow's name,  
He's called an entertaining lad;  
But he has killed Love's ancient power,  
His ways are wrong, his heart is bad."  
The boy's voice low and fainter grew,  
And heavy hung his curly head.  
Ah! Love hath passed away from earth,  
Flirtation reigneth in his stead.



Young Author: ASHAMED OF HAVING RECEIVED AN EDUCATION! WHY SHOULD YOU THINK THAT OF ME?  
"FROM YOUR WRITING DIALECT STORIES."



AN amusing anecdote is being told in Berlin, says the London *Daily News*, of General Meerscheidt-Hullessem, the former commander of the Guards.

The General was one of the officers who dared oppose the Emperor when his Majesty gave his criticism after the maneuvers.

The Emperor, on the other hand, liked the General very much, but this did not prevent him telling the truth when he made mistakes. The Emperor especially remarked upon the nervousness of the General when leading an unexpected and unprepared maneuver.

As often as the Emperor said this the General offered his resignation.

One day the Berlin garrison was suddenly alarmed and called out to maneuver on the parade ground. The Emperor again remarked that the old General had been too excited. Herr Von Meerscheidt again sent in his resignation.

The same evening the Emperor met the General at an evening party. The commander of the Guards, a bachelor, was looking on at the dancing and conversing with the married ladies. All at once the Emperor, behind him, slapped him on the shoulder, saying, laughingly:

"Your excellency ought to think of marrying, for when one is married one is quieter."

The old General smiled.

"Well?" asked the Emperor.

"No, your Majesty," was the reply. "I am too old for that. A young wife and a young Emperor would be too much for me."—*St. Louis Republic*.

As Mrs. Smith found out when, proudly conscious that "she knew a little French," she sallied forth from the hotel in Paris to post a letter.

"A poste," she exclaimed triumphantly to the first policeman she met.

"Bien, Madame. Par ici."

He politely conducted her into an office, but to her dismay it was a police station. Rendered speechless by fright and confusion, all she could do was to pull her letter out of her pocket and point to it.

"Ah! A la poste," cried the commissaire laughingly, and he instructed the officer to take her to the nearest post office. Going along, poor disconcerted Mrs. Smith muttered to herself:

"Oh, better genders! Who'd have a thought a police station was a gentleman and a post office a lady?"—*Exchange*.

THERE is a telephone in their residence, and as it is used principally by Mrs. Binks and her friends it is perhaps natural that it should be identified solely with Mrs. Binks, and that Mr. Binks—well, Mr. Binks answered when the bell rang a few nights ago, and this is the conversation that took place:

"Hullo!"

"Well!"

"Is this Mrs. Binks?"

"No."

"I mean is this Mrs. Binks's telephone?"

"No; it's the company's."

"Well, is this Mrs. Binks's house?"

"I don't know. I'm beginning to think that perhaps it is."

"What?"

"Yes. I guess it is. Everyone seems to think it is, anyway."

"Is Mrs. Binks's daughter there?"

"No."

"Well, who is this?"

"Oh, this is only Mrs. Binks's husband, the father of Mrs. Binks's daughter, the man who lives in Mrs. Binks's house, and occasionally drives Mrs. Binks's horses. She got him with the house, you know."

"Oh, she did!"

"Yes, she did."

"Tough on Mrs. Binks, isn't it?"

That telephone will probably be taken out of the house.—*Exchange*.

SHE was the "lady-reporter" of the *Daily Planetary System*, and she was "doing" her first baseball game. "Can you tell me, sir," she inquired of a benign-looking old gentleman who sat next to her, "can you tell me why they have two umpires?"

"Certainly, madam," he replied with dignified courtesy. "It is in order that whenever one of them is crippled or killed by an infuriated player the game may not be unnecessarily delayed."

And that evening, as the editor lit his editorial pipe with the choicest paragraph in her copy, he assigned her to the underwear article again, to the bitter disappointment of a young man of ideas who wished to make himself famous as a reporter in that branch of journalism.—*Exchange*.

THE funny and the fine are sometimes ludicrously blended by members of the oratorical persuasion. An instance of the sort occurred recently in Paris during the session of the Congress of Freethinkers, when one eminent thinker, striking an attitude, passionately exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am an atheist—thank God!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

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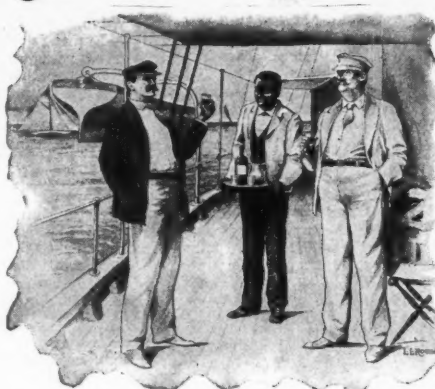


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# ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLYS

The old Charleston good liver was given to boasting of their wines, and some of their cellars were stored with the oldest and best. One of them, the well-known Mr. L., said that he had \$70,000 worth of wine in his cellar when his house was burned during the war. He thought himself, and was thought to be, the best judge of wine in the State.

At a dinner party where he was a guest it was secretly arranged to bring him into disgrace in the matter of judgment, and the host sent out to a grocer's, and for a dollar, bought a bottle of wine, and had it put upon the table as a specimen rare and extraordinary. Mr. L. pronounced it the best they had, and said:

"I recognize the vintage—it is 1784. There is nothing better than this in America." The shout of laughter that followed assured him that he had been sold, and the host explained that he had just procured it "round the corner."

"Send for the man," said Mr. L., "and let me see if this is so."

The man soon appeared and Mr. L. said to him:

"I will hold you harmless if you tell me frankly where you got that bottle of wine."

"Well," answered the grocer, "if you will know, I bought it off one of your niggers."—*Exchange.*



## THE PARTING WAS PAIN.

*She:* Go, DEMETRIUS, GO! WHEN YOU HAVE REACHED YEARS OF DISCRETION YOU WILL FEEL THAT I AM DOING THE RIGHT THING BY YOU IN REJECTING YOUR PLEA. YOU WILL THEN KNOW THAT AN ESTABLISHMENT CANNOT BE KEPT UP UPON A PIECE OF CHEWING GUM, AN ELEVATED RAILROAD TICKET, AND A TOP!

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ONE night at the Tomnoddy Club, of which M. Calino is an honored member, a group of men were discussing the question, "What is the best trick a man can play on his mother-in-law?"

The matter came to M. Calino for his decision. He thought it over gravely for a minute or two, and then responded:

"Gentlemen, the best trick that I can think of for a man to play on his mother-in-law is not to marry her daughter?"—*Youth's Companion.*

It was a little New Hampshire village among the mountains, where the country store served as a post-office, circulating library, shoe store, grocery store, dry goods store and everything else combined, that a Boston lady, glancing over the books, inquired, "Have you Browning?"

"No," said the attendant somewhat regretfully, and not knowing just what kind of an article Browning might be, "we have not." Then, more brightly: "We have blacking and blueing and have a man who does whitening. We occasionally do pinking. Would any of these do?"—*Michigan Tradesman.*

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THE stately steamer plowed its way through the blue waves of Lake Michigan: "Oh, Horace!" moaned the young bride, who a moment before had paced the deck with a smiling face and a love-lit eye, the happiest of the happy, "I feel so queer! Let me lean on your shoulder."

"No, dearest, don't do that!" exclaimed Horace, hastily; "lean over the side of the steamer."—*Chicago Tribune.*

MILHAU'S CALISAYA: A wholesome tonic for family use, for convalescents, the aged, and debilitated. Introduced 1830. Genuine at 183 Broadway.—*Advt.*

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A WELL-KNOWN litterateur not long ago delivered a lecture before a Buffalo club, and in the course of his talk he had occasion to quote Shakespeare's lines about "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," etc. At the conclusion of his address he was approached by a Scotchman, who expressed his pleasure at the talk, but took occasion to say that his approbation of Shakespeare was only limited.

"There's that bit you said about the uneasy head and crown. I dinna like it. It's muckle foolish. Now our Robbie Burns would na ha' writ such stuff."

The lecturer was a trifle surprised, but inquired politely why the Scot thought as he did.

"Oh," said the Scotchman, "there's na a mon in Scotland, king or anybody else, sae foolish as to go to bed wi' a crown on. Any mon o' sense wud hang it over a chair before turning in."—*Harper's Magazine.*

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, being at the top of Mount Washington, began a speech, which the crowd of visitors had begged from him, with this felicitous pun: "We are not strangers; we are friends and neighbors. We have all been born and brought up here!"—*Argonaut.*



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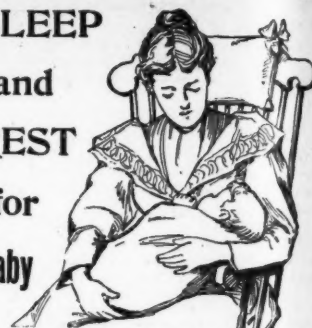
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